

THE
EUNUCH.
A
TRAGEDY:

As it hath been Acted with Great Applause.

Written By
William Hemmings, Oxon.

Licensed,
March 26. 1687. Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. B. and are to be sold by *Randal
Taylor* near *Stationers-Hall*, 1687.

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Dramatis Personæ.

The Eunuch.

The Old King.

Clotaire, The Young King.

Clovis, His Brother.

Fredegonde, The Queen.

Old Brisac.

Charles Brisac, His Son.

Aphelia, His Daughter.

Landrey, The Queens Favourite.

Dumaine, Brother to the Eunuch.

Lamot, His Friend.

Burbon, }

Lanoue, } Officers and Soldiers.

Martile, }

Isabel, } Ladies Attending the Queen.

Julia, }

Page.

Lackey.

Two Watchmen.

A Messenger.

78-10-1-100-100

(1)

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Dumaine and Lamot, like two Poor Souldiers.

Dumaine. **W**E are not safe *Lamot*, this Bawdy Peace
Begets a War within me, our Swords worn
For Ornament not use; the Drum, and Trumpet
Sing Drunken Carrols, and the Cannon speaks
Health, not Confusion; Helmets turned to Cups;
Our bruised Arms administer discourse
For Tables, and for Taverns, where the Souldier
Oft finds a pity, not relief: I'll tell thee
We are walking Images, the sign of men,
And bear about us nothing but the form
Of man, that's manly.

Lamot. We are cold indeed.

Dum. Yes my *Lamot*, and the ungratefull Time
As coldly doth reward us, all our Actions,
Attempts of Valour look'd into with Eyes
Philmed with Contempt, when ye Gods, ye know,
It is our Gifts they see yet: Oh I am Mad!
The very Bread that lends them Life to scorn us,
Our Bloods have paid for, yet demand a bit,
Or ask of this Old-Sattin-Belly'd-Sir,
Or Madam-Toothless, with her Velvet Sconce,
And you shall hear their rotten Lungs pronounce
The Whip, and Whipstock.

Lamot. Patience, Great *Dumaine*.

Dum. *Lamot*, Thou know'st, I dare be Patient,
With what an equal Temper did I breath,
Under the Frozen Climate of the North,
Where in mine Arms, the Sheets of War, I Slept;
My Bed being feathered with the down of Heaven,
I have lain down a Man, and rise a Snow-Ball;
Yet these have been my Pastimes, which I have born
as willingly, as I receiv'd them Nobly.
The Queens black Envy which doth still remain,
And peeps through every Limb she bears about her,
Fated to ruine us, does not swell my Gall;

No, nor this willing Beggery I wear
To cloud me from her Malice; by the Gods,
This Bastard-getting-Peace unspirits me,
A greater corrosive to my Active Soul,
Then all past-ills whatever.

Lamot. Cool your Rage,
And be as Wise as Valiant, this is not time
To vent your Passions like a Woman;
A Souldiers Tongue moves only in his Sword.

Dum. You are an expert Tutor and I thank you;
Our Wrongs would add a Spirit to the Dead,
And make them fight our quarrels. Who comes here? [*A Florist*
The Minion to our Queen! Oh what a train } *Enter Landrey, 2*
The Painted Peacock bears! Death! were I *four* } *or 3 Lords, 2 or*
But only for this Gyant. } *3 Petitioners, who*
} *by his followers are*

Lamot. Still intemperate.

Dum. These are the fruits of Peace, upstarts, & flatteries; [*slighted*
Tell me *Lamot*, can this same Marchant-Man, } *off; they as grieved re-*
Think or Commit a Sin, tho' never so Horrid } *turn back again, whilst*
But it is candid o're, and from his Vice, } *he passes on in State.*
Excessive praise, and plaudites arise,
Were I the King! but he is willfull Blind;
And by the Horns she rocks him fast asleep,
Before the Wanton and hot-Blooded Queen
Should have the License, but to be suspected
With such a Knight of Gingerbread as this is,
A Guilded Flesh-fly; I would lock Her up,
Yea chain the Evil Angel in a Box,
And House her like a Silk-Worm.

Lamot. Pardon Sir,
The good Old King's unable.

Dum. Worse and Worse,
And therefore must admit an upstart-Page,
Now raised to Honour by his Lawless Lust:
Mayor of the Palace, and the Duke of France;
The next step is the Crown; Oh Peasant State,
When Owls are aired in the Cedars top,
And Daws compare with Eagles.

Lamot. Like to like.
What was our *Fredegonde* but *Gelsanda's* Maid?
A Princess, (Oh my Soul!) so Heaven'd above her,
That *Fredegonde* appears a Hell of darkness;
Yet does our Childrick, our old doting King,
Set up a Dishelout 'gainst a Diadem.

Dum.

Dum. 'Twere good the King would Execute them both.

Lamot. Execute them ! For his best Blood he dares not ;
The no-Chast-Queen is great in Faction,
Followed and Sainted by the Multitude,
Whose judgments she has linked unto her purse,
And rather bought a Love then found it :
She has a working Spirit, an active Brain,
Apt to conceive, and wary in her wills ;
Besides, her Sons, (the Pillars of State)
Supports her like an Atlas, where she sits ;
And like the Heavens commands our fates beneath her.
She is the greater Light, the King a Star,
Which only glares but through her influence. [*A Flourish.*

Dum. Hark the Thunder of the War ; how ! out of Tune,
This Peace corrupting all things makes them speak.
What means this most Adulterate noise ?

Lamot. Receiv't.

This is a Night of Jubile, and the King
Solemnly Feasts for his Wars happy success :
Besides his Sons and he are knit again ;
We shall have Masques and Revellings to Night.

Dum. Now the Great Gods confound this pick-thank noise ;
The Drum and Trumpets are turn'd flatteries,
And *Mars* himself a Bawd to grace their Ryots. { *Enter the Eun-*
What Vision's this ? 'Tis Gold both right & fair ; { *nuch with two*
Sure I dream not. { *fair Suits, Hats, Feathers,*

Lamot. I cannot tell, but he { *Rapiers, and all things an-*
That takes this from me shall full soon perceive { *swerable, flings*
I do not sleep nor slumber : 'Twas the Eunuch. { *them a Letter,*

Dum. That needs no deciding.

Lamot. What Papers that ? { *and to each a purse of*
If it be Chorus unto this dumb shew, { *Gold ; and after a little*
Read it *Dumaine.* { *pause departs.*

Dum. Dasterd Hand, why shak'st thou ? { *Takes up the Letter*
The Queen ! { *& seems to tremble.*

Lamot. Blasted *Dumaine* ! Give me the Scrowl ;
Were she a Fury, nay the Queen of Hell,
Tho' every word did Thunder I would read it. [*He Reads.*

*As ye are Souldiers truly Valiant, we Honour ye ; as poor, we pity ye,
and have sent ye that which will render ye as compleat Courtiers, as un-
daunted Souldiers : Dumaine, Lamot, let it suffice we know ye, for our
Eye is Every where, whilst we remember your Works, we shall study to
forget your Parents Injuries : Fear nothing, for your hitherto concealment*

*we will get your Pardons, and whilst we breath, breath your kind Advertisers;
if you dare trust us, and build upon our Fortunes, appear at Court to
Night so adorned as shall become your Honours and our Friends.*

Fredegonde.

Dum. How do you relish this? What now *Lamot*?

Lamot. We'll take the Gracious proffer of the Queen,
She's Princely vow'd our Friend; besides what ill
Can we expect from her, who might have sent
Her Murdering Minister, and Slain us here
Had she intended soul-play; she is Noble.

Dum. But—

Lamot. What but?

Dum. Her Murder'd Brothers memory;

Lamot. When he fell, we were too young for Traytors;
Tho' not for Torments, had we been apprehended:
For in the high displeasure of this Queen
All our Posterity was doom'd: Some felt the Wheel,
Some Racked, some Hanged, others Impaled on stakes;
And had not we been then in *Wittenburgh*,
And past the fury of the Tyrants reach,
We'd added to the Number of the Dead.

Dum. And think you still we shall not?

Lamot. By my Life,

It's Murder to suspect her, we'll to Court,
Our Lives are all that we can loose, our fame
No Art can Murder, nor time raise our name.

SCENE II.

Enter Fredegonde and the Eunuch.

Queen. What conference did they maintain with thee?

Eunuch. None farther then the Language of their Eyes;
They look'd on me as if they meant me thanks,
Which their Amazement rob'd me of.

Queen. Know'st thou them?

Eunuch. No, dearest Lady, they appeared to me
Like to the Silent Postures in the Arras,
Only the form of Men with strange Faces.

Queen. Come take them then, they are our Enemies,
Whom I have Angled with that Golden Bait;
Their Parents waded in my Brothers Blood;

For

For which I'll be revenged of all their kin,
Did they increase as fast as I could kill,
I'de ever Kill, that they may still increase.

{ Draws the Cur-
tain and shews
a Picture.

This Picture drawn by an Italian,

(Which still I keep to whet my Anger on)

Does represent the Murther of my Brother,

For Ravishing this Beauteous peice of Ill : [Points to the Picture.

A Cruel and a Terrible Mistake,

To Murther *Clodymen*, for *Clotair's* fact.

For which behold how *Fredegonde's* revenged : [Points still.

This old *Dumaine* and Father to this Maid,

With all his Kindred, Sociates, and Allyes

(These brace of wicked ones, and this ravisht Whore,

The fair and fatal cause of these events

Only excepted) are here ; here in this Picture.

Here's one bereft of Hands, and this of Tongue,

Finger thy Lute *Maria*, Sing out *Isabel*,

Heark Heark, *Castrat*, the Musick of the Spheres,

O ravishing touch ! Heark how the others voice

Ecchoes the Lute ; Is't not a Divine softness, Ha, ha, ha !

I do expect they now should rail extremely ;

I prethee Scould at me good *Isabel*,

A little of the Woman ; no ! *Maria*,

Within the leashed Circle of mine Eyes

Anchor thy fingers ; Alas ! thy Nails are pared ;

Nor has poor *Isabel* a Tongue to scould with :

Two hory Greybeards in this angle lyes,

Will find their way to Hell without their Eyes. [Stabs the Picture.

Villains that Kill'd my Brother, how does this relish thee,

To Execute Men in Pictures ? Is't not rare ?

Is't not a pastime for the Gods to gaze on ?

Eunuch. Were but *Crotilda* here, and these two Youngsters,

It were a pastime for the Gods to gaze on.

Queen. We find the *Eunuch* fit for our Employments,

Therefore I will unclasp my Soul to thee ;

I've always found thee Trusty, and I Love thee.

Eunuch. With thanks I ever must acknowledge it,

And lay my Life at my great Mistress's feet

To spend it when she please.

Queen. We need it not

As yet, *Castrato*, but we may hereafter.

See there's the Platform of great *Childsicks* Death ;

And they which must be thought his Murderers,

Our Enemies, and now new Courtiers :

Whom

we will get your Pardons, and whilst we breath, breath your kind Adstris: if you dare trust us, and build upon our Fortunes, appear at Court to Night so adorned as shall become your Honours and our Friends.

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And they which must be thought his Murderers,

Our Enemies, and now new Courtiers :

Whom

Whom hitherto I have reserv'd for Policy ;
 First, that they take away the Guilt from us ;
 Next, being apprehended, studied Deaths,
 The Heads of all our Engineers shall sit
 To invent unheard of Torments for the Slaves ;
 I long to see them here, here in this frame,
 Greeting their Kindreds Bones.

Eunuch. Most Excellent !

Queen. Then I'll commend thee to my Elder Son,
 Where thou shalt wind into his Secret Thoughts ;
 As for the Younger Boy let me alone ;
 And when we have them on the Hip, they shall
 Follow their Father unto Hell's black Hall.

Eunuch. You are the Goddess of invention.

Queen. Will not this be Brave ? Ha ! how likest thou it ?
 Now by this Light I'me taken strangely with thee ;

Kiss me, Kiss me, closer Villain :

Fie ! what a *January* Lip thou hast,

A pair of Isickles ; sure thou hast bought

A pair of East Lips of the Chast *Diana's* ;

Thy Blood's meer Snow-broth : Kiss me again.

Now see if you can find these Gallants forth,

And bring them to our presence.

Exit Eunuch, and

Oh *Landrey* !

Enter Landrey.

Your Visits have been freer, but I grow Old,

And you Command the Beauties of the time.

Landrey. What means my Noble Mistress ? think you the Blood
 Runs so degenerate within these Veins,
 To stoop to an inferiour Embrace,
 When I enjoy the best ?

Queen. We are Betray'd.

I'll tell thee a good jest *Landrey*, wilt hear it ?

This Morning dressing my Head, my Husband came,

And with his Switch, for he was then to Hunt,

A Gentle stroke he gave me on the back ;

My fancy busied then to make me fine,

Supposing it was you that sported so ;

Cry'd, my *Landrey*, in Story we still find,

The best Knights strike before, and not behind :

The King who always understood too fast,

Quits suddenly my Chamber, what he intends

I cannot guess, unless it be our Deaths,

Which if he speedily perform not, then

Know he shall never, for this Night concludes him ;

My Sons I weigh not thus, they have Rebell'd,
 And taken Spirit of late to oppose my will,
 And contradict my Pleasure in thy Love,
 For which it is not safe that they should Live;
 The Kingdoms Heir shall be a Child of thine,
 And Kings and Queens shall follow in thy Line.
 Oh! are they come, they're welcome, take our word, [*Enter Lam.*
 A Queens word, *Fredegonde* bids ye welcome. [*& Dum. very brave,*
Both. Your Highness is as full of Grace as Mercy. [*& the Eunuch.*
Queen. Rise and follow us, we'll be your Guardian,
 And Protectress.

Landrey. Madam, who are these?

Queen. Sheep for my Shambles, whom I have fatted up
 Only for Slaughter; Things are on foot decreed,
 Shall make some Smile to Night, and others Bleed.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE III.

*Enter Clovis at one Door, Aphelia and a Page with
 a Light at the Other.*

Clovis. My best Mistress, what Angel brought you hither;
 For I know my Lions attend your goodness?
 Why weep you? Trust me your Eyes seed pearl,
 Bracelets for Gods to wear about their Arms.

Aphelia. I am too fond, yet he Swears he Loves me,
 I have believ'd him too; for I have found
 A God-like Nature in him, and a Truth
 Hitherto Constant.

Clov. Gentlest Sweet, the Cause?

Aphelia. If this should be dissembled, not your Heart,
 And having won my Souls affection,
 Should on a Judgment more retired to State,
 Fling off affection, and leave me in Love;
 What ill-bred-tales the World would make of me?

Clov. That Jealousy I'll strangle, take this Ring
 As I that Diamond dazled by thine Eyes,
 Whose Beauties Sickned 'cause Eclips'd by thine;
 Be these the mutual Pledges of our Love,
 Our Marriage before our Marriage,

And

And curst be they, that Seperate our Love,
Tho' France be one, or, what is greater, *you*,
Are your fears over now?

Aphe. I dare no Ill,
And therefore doubt none.

Clow. Heark! The King is coming. [A Flourish.]

*Enter King, Queen, Clotaire, Landrey, Dumaine, Lamot,
Ladies and Attendance; with the Guard, and Eunuch.*

King. Approach our Person nearer, for methinks
Y'ave honest faces, if your Hearts keep touch
To your outward Semblance, y'are a pair
Nothing but Death shall force from me.

Queen. Good, Good!
This Physick works. [Aside.]

Eunuch. Best Madam, is it done?

Queen. I my Black Genius, such a fatal Dram
I have administer'd, will wing his Soul
With expedition to the other World:
His parts Essential, like a wearied Ghost
This Night forsakes his Inn, whence fled and gone,
Who knows where it shall lodge? Mark his looks,
See'st thou not Death thron'd in his hollow Eye?
Great Tyrant over Nature: See, observe.

Eunuch. With looks inquisitive I have beheld him,
But can perceive no alteration.

Queen. Thou art a Fool, and want'st the optique nerves
To pry into my Acts; where I lay trains
Death comes before the grief; The Sulpherous Match
Destroys the Powder with a motion slow
To what I work with: As *Autumns* aged Leaf,
In youth the prime and glory of the wood,
Not to be graspt by hand, falls with a puff,
And what we could not touch but now, we tread on.
So *Childricke*.

King. Oh! Lend me thine Arm *Dumaine*, {Dum. and
I know not what, but on the sudden, something— {Lam. both

Qn. How the Nats play and buz about the flame {busy about the
That must Consume them. [King.]

Eunuch. Observant Coxcombs!

Clotaire. What Star's Unspher'd and walks upon the Earth,
Making our Night a Noon? methinks her sight
Does Cure Blindness, and lends darkness Light.
Castrato. Eunuch.

Eunuch. Hush! We are observed, My Lord.

Clotaire. What Lady's that?

Eunuch. Which, that French India,
Who Sweats under the Pride she bears about her:
She with whom your Brother holds discourse?

Clotaire. That

Eun. The Chast and Beautiful *Aphelia*.

Clot. Most true, Nature has much befriended her;
Art sure she's Honest?

Eun. Snow's not purer Sir,
No Vestal Virgin at the Altar bears
A Soul so incorrupt, so void of flame
That's loosely active.

Clot. *Eunuch*, be our self;
Get but that Lady for me, thou conceivest—

Eun. She dotes upon your Brother; through his means
I'll think upon some Plot.

Clot. Lend me thine Ear.

[*They Whisper.*

King. Defer our pastimes till another Night,
I am not well at ease.

Dum. Lights for the King.

Eun. *Dumaine* be wise, thy foot is in the Snare,
Fredegonde hunts, and when she hunts, beware.

Dum. Well warn'd half arm'd.

Lam. What says the Slave, *Dumaine*?

Dum. No matter what, mind we his Majesty.

Queen. My Royal Husband.

King. There is an *Aetna* in me,
The Air I draw returns illuminate.
Phylosophy, thy Element of fire's here.

Clot. and *Clot.* How fares our Father?

King. Oh I Burn!

Fire, *Vesuvius*, *Aetna*, *Vesuvius*—

Queen. His grace grows worse and worse, O my griev'd Heart!
Support him Gently Friends, Gently, Gently.

[*Exit. Om. ma. Eu.*

Aphe. I credit your report and will obey,
His mind is Honourable, like his Parentage,
His Single name has arm'd me, pray lead on.

[*and Aphelia.*

Eun. Heark Lady! There was a fearfull sound,
I fear the King's departed, let's withdraw.

[*A Screech with-
in of all together
Oh! Oh! Oh!*

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Lamot, and the Guard.**Lamot.* O woe! woe! woe!*Clot.* Horror and Death!*Clot.* O dismal, fatal Hour!{ *Enter Clotaire.*{ *Enter Clovis.**Enter Queen, Dumaine, Landrey, Ladies, and
the rest of the Guard.**Queen.* With *Childrick*, end the World.*Dum.* Have Patience gentle Queen.*Queen.* Stand off,*Preach* Patience to the Sea, when the rude Wind
Swells her ambitious Billows above the Clouds;
And if thou Tutorest them to Peace and Silence,
I'll be as Calm as they.*Clot.* The Treason here,

And not the Traytor, quite confounds my Senses.

Queen. Ignorance, dark as Hell; doubt ye the Traytors?
I've brought a pair of Vipers to the Court,
Warm'd and reliev'd them with a sting to Kill us,
Who could be author of this deed but they?
His new Bosom'd-Friends have slain him.—*Clot.* Our Guard,

Lay Hands upon the Traytors.

Dum. O *Lamot*!We are betray'd, basely beset with Snares. [*They fight back to back**Lam.* Justice fight thou my cause with thine own Sword. [*Against**Qu.* O Villains! would you let them scape? two Men [*the Gu.*To pass the strength of our undaunted Guard; [*& scape.*

This mads my Soul, this grates my very Gall.

King. Make after them, and bring them back again;

Or by my Fathers Soul ye breath your last.

Still art thou here *Aphelia*? Ha! I may

Use my Commanding Power now—Lead on;

Come Mother, Brother, Friends, pray let us go.

King ne're receiv'd a Crown so full of woe.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Old Brissac and his Page, with a Taper.

Brissac. **I**S she not come from Court yet?

Page. No my Lord.

I lost her mid't the amazed multitude;
Where doubtless frighted with the sudden horror,
She has with other beauties of the Court
Retired her self untill the Morning-Star.

Brif. 'Tis very likely so! Yet do ye hear,
Call up your Fellows; I'll not to Bed to Night,
My thoughts are full of Tempest, dismal thinkings; } *Exit Page,*
Where is my Son? Why went He not to Court? } *& Enter pre-*
Perhaps some Sacrilegious hands have seiz'd on her; } *sently with 2*
Courts are no Sanctuaries, she's no Vestal: } *Serving-men.*

May be she's safe, then why returns she not?
Why sends she not glad Messengers of Health!
No! No! She's lost, and I undone for ever!
Run to the Court, they move not, why so fast?
Let me deliberate; that were to give

The Courtiers notice I have lost my Daughter,
Whom they will then suspect, and call her fame
Into an ill construction; No! no! no!

O my poor Daughter, my *Aphelia*!

Oh Sir you'r welcome, where's your Sister,
I must have her Sirrah and I will,

Where is she, *Charles*, where is she?

Char. My Honoured Father—

Brif. Tut, Tut, Honour me no Honour,
Nor Father me no Fathers!

Where is your Sister, Sirrah?

Charles. My Sister!

Brif. Your Sister!

Charles. Within Sir, otherwise this Gentleman
Has lost his Labour; he's come to Visit her.

Brif. Hoyday, Hoyday, Hoyday! to Visit her?
Plots, Plots, meer fetches; to Visit her!

What at the dead of Night? when the whole World
Is Sunk in slumber, and our Lusty Youth,

As quiet as the Grave ; to Visit her !

O most ridiculous ! to Visit her !

Pray Gentleman consider, does your Sister keep

Times so Preposterous for Visits in ?

Makes she a day of Night ; or has she been breed

As loose as *Lais*, to love Night-Courtings ?

Do not distract me thus, to Visit her !

Cha. Pray Sir collect your self, this Gentleman

Even at that Horrid point where the King fell—

Bris. Why look you now, there is more Mischief toward ;

What a World is this ?

Char. Saw a Ring drop off my Sisters finger,

Which he had then deliver'd, but that fright

Which renders men forgetfull, made him so ;

But knowing where she lived, (so he protests)

He would not Sleep until it were delivered.

Bris. Pray let me see the Ring ; Yes it was hers,

And she would say, she'd never part with it

But when she meant to Wed, if you have Married her

Or have her promise rivited to yours,

Tell me but where she is, I'll be content,

For I in losing her, have lost my self.

Clou. O my Prophetique Soul, then 'tis no Idle fear.

Char. How ! The Monsieur, what makes he here ?

Clou. There's something whispers me, go not to Bed,

Go not to Bed till thou hast found her out :

Beest thou my Genious, or what Powers else,

Suggesting lawfull things I will obey thee.

Sleep ever-waking Envy and Mistrust,

Ye things that never knew what Slumber meant ;

Ghosts keep your Beds, ye Centinels of Night,

Goblins and Specters do not walk your round,

A general Lethargy Seize on this Hour,

Yet I alone the Watchman of this Night,

Will wake in spite of Fate. *Argus* thine Eyes

To find *Aphelia* and her Miseries.

[*Exit.*]

Bris. Pritty, in good sadness, wond'rous pritty,

Is he in earnest ?

Char. Sure he dissembles not.

I little dreamt when I did let him In,

What Person grac'd our Threshold.

Bris. Ha Sirrah !

What a Girl's this to be out o' h' way ?

He's in Love that's certain. Let me see,

When

When I was first a Lover as he is,
 I'de just such cold fegaries in my Brain,
 Such Midnight madness. This pulling Baggage
 May lose her self for ever, and her Fortunes,
 For this Hours absence, go, be gone,
 Follow his Royal Person, Comfort him,
 Tell him my Daughter will again be found,
 And so good Angels grant we meet with her.

*{ Exe. one at one door and
 like o her at the other.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Eunuch lighting Aphelia.

Aphe. Into what Laberinth do you lead me Sir?
 What perplexed by-ways? I should fear,
 Had you not us'd his Name, which is to me
 A Strength 'gainst Terror; and himself so good,
 Occasion cannot vary, nor the Night,
 Youth nor his wild desire; Otherwise
 A Silent Sorrow from mine Eyes would steal,
 And tell sad Stories for me.

Eunn. Do not fear,
 You are too tender of your Honour, Lady,
 Too full of aguish trembling; the Noble Prince
 Is as *December* frosty in desire,
 Save what is Lawfull, he not owns that cheat,
 Which were you Snow, would thaw a tear from you.

Aphe. This is the place appointed.

Eunn. I'll go call him,
 In the mean time, please you to rest your self,
 Here is a Little Book will bear you Company
 'Till I return, which will be suddenly
 Now *Eunuch* must the Artumie of Wit,
 From the dull Mixture of these leaden Brains
 Extract the Elixir of pure Villany.
 Hither I'll send the King, not that I mean
 To give him leave to cool his burning Lust,
 For *Clovis* shall prevent him in the Fact;
 And thus I shall Endear my self to both:

*{ Gives her a book,
 she sits down and
 reads.*

Clovis

Clovis Enrag'd perhaps will kill the King,
 Or by the King will perish ; if both fall,
 Or either, both ways makes for me.
 The Queen as rootedly does hate her Sons,
 As I her Ladiship ; to see this fray
 She must be brought by me. It shall be so ;
 Her breath will stir in them confused Storms,
 In midst of whose wild rage, the Court will seem
 A *Calvary* of Mischief ; for her sake
 I'll say I set on foot this hopefull brawl,
 Whilst she will Hug, and Kiss me for the same :
 Thus on all sides, the *Eunuch* will play foul,
 And as his face is black, he'll have his Soul.

[Exit.]

Aphe. Poor ravish'd *Philomel*, thy lot was ill
 To meet that Violence in a Brother,
 Which I in a Stranger doubt : Yet methinks
 I am too Confident, for I feel my heart
 Burthen'd with something ominous ; these men,
 Are things of Subtle Nature, and their Oaths
 Unconstant as themselves — Let me proceed.

{ She leaves
 reading.

Clo. Methinks I stand like *Tarquin* in that Night
 When he defiled the Chastity of *Rome*,
 Doubtfull of what to do, and like a Thief
 I take each noise for an Officer.
 Tho' I do know it is a deed of Death,
 Condemned for Torments in the other World ;
 Such tempting sweetness dwells on every Limb,
 That I must venture my Essential parts
 For the fruition of a moments Lust :
 Oh Pleasure dearly bought.

{ Enter Clo.
 Muffled.

Aphe. *Clovis* may prove unkind, alack why not ?
 He's but a man. Say he should offer foul,
 The Evil Counsel of a Secret Place,
 and Night his Friend, may out-tempt his will :
 I dare not stand the Hazzard, Guide me Light
 To some Untrodden Place, where poor I may,
 Wear out the Night with sighs till it be day.

Clo. I must be bold and resolute ; Sweet Maid, [He meets her.
 Fair, Virtuous Damsel, Hail.

Aphe. What man art thou,
 That dost thy Countenance bury in thy Cloak,
 And hidest thy face from Darkness and the Night ?
 If thine intents deserve a Master too,
 And that thy thoughts dare not allow themselves,

With-

Withdraw, and Act them not, what art thou? speak,
And wherefore cam'st thou hither?

Clot. Wouldst thou know?

I came to find one Beautifull as thou,
And am a man willing to please a Woman.
Nay, nay, you must not leave me thus.

[She profers to go off.]

Aphe. Must not.

Clot. No, must not, 'tis I that speaks it Lady.

Aphe. I know thee not.

Clot. But I must you, yes and the right way too,
Which is th' acquaintance surest.

Aphe. Help, Help, Help!

Clot. Nay, nay, nay, none of your Prick-Songs Lady,
If you rise a Note, or beat the Air with Clamour,
You see your Death.

[Draws his Dagger.]

Aphe. What Violence is this?

Why do you threaten War, fright my soft peace
With most ungentle Steel, what have I done

Dangerous, or am like to do? why do you wrack me thus? *{ pulls her along.*

Mine Arms are Guilty of no crime, do not torment 'em,

My Hands and they have joyn'd in Prayer together

For mankind that is Holy; if in that Act

They have not Pray'd for you, mend and be good,

The fault is none of theirs.

Clot. You guess my Mind:

What Earthquake shakes you thus?

[She trembles as amazed.]

Come do not seem more Holy then you are,

I know your Heart.

Aphe. Let your Dagger too, Noble Sir strike home,
And Sacrifice a Soul to Chastity,
As white and spotless as her Innocence.

Clot. This is not the way.—Know you me Beauty?

{ Pulls off his false-beard.

Aphe. The King!

Clot. The same, Rise up and put off fear.

Aphe. I dare not fear, it's Treason to suspect
My King can think an Ill, worse to Act it:
I know you'r God like good, and have but try'd
How f'r weak Woman durst be Virtuous.

Clot. Pritty Simplicity, thou art deceiv'd:
Thy Wit as well as Beauty wounds me, and thy Tongue
In pleading for thee, pleads against thy self:
It is thy Virtue moves me, and thy Good,
Tempts me to Acts of Evil: wert thou bad,
Or loose in thy desires, I cou'd stand

And

And only Gaze, not Surfet on thy Beauty;
 But as thou art, let me not see thy face,
 I'm desperate grown in Ill, and must enjoy
 thee, or not the thy Life.

Aphe. I offer it.

You are my King and may Command my Life,
 My will to Sin you cannot, you may force
 Unsancted deeds upon me, Spot my fame;
 And make my Body suffer, not my mind.
 When you have done this inreligious deed,
 What Trophy, or what Triumph will it bring,
 More then a living Scorn upon your Name?
 Do not believe this deed can Iye conceal'd,
 For Kings appear when they are Thron'd in Sin,
 Like to prodigious Creatures in the Air,
 At which all Tongues are mute, all Eyes do stare.
 Is't not a Single Ill which you commit:
 What in the Subject is a petty fault
 Monsters your Actions, and's a foul offence:
 You give your Subjects License to offend.
 When you do teach them how.

[*Enter Clovis and Charles.*

Clot. Good, Ill apply'd:

[*Aside.*

I will endure no longer, come along,
 Or by the curious Spinstry of thy Head,
 Which Nature's cunning'st finger twisted out,
 I'll drag thee to my Coach: Tempt not my fury.

Clov. Can I endure this; O my Salt Blood
 Leap from my Bosom, up into the Air.
 Unhand me *Charles*, and render me my self,
 Lest I forget my self on thee.

Char. Great Prince,
 Remember 'tis your Brother and the King.

Clov. Oh that I could forget it, and shake off
 Duty at once, and Consanguinity,
 That like a Whirlwind I might rush upon him,
 And bear him to Destruction—Monster of men,
 Thou King of Darkness, down unto thy Hell,
 I have a Spell will lay thee, Honesty,
 And this abused Goodness: Is't not enough
 That thou hast wronged *Crotilda*, raviisht a Maid
 A Virgin of that Purity of Life,
 Might Saint Her here on Earth; but wilt thou add
 Unto thy First a Second Violence?
 The Gods must not forgive!

Clot.

Clot. I despise thee :
If thou wouldst gain our Love, be a Brother,
And aid me in my longings.

Clov. Be a man ;
And shake a Nature off, that needs must damn thee :
O set a Period to Sins Progress here,
Proceed not in these Courses, lest you grow
As Great in Sin as Scepter.

Clot. Traytor, Boy !
Thy fate moves in those words.

Clov. Is't even so ;
Then Guard thy self our King, for I am quick
As Lightning, or the thought that Executes.

Char. Hold hold, my Lord, forbear ; Call in more aid,
Ring out the Alarum-Bell, Call up the Court,
Bestir thee *Eunuch*, whilst I interpose
My Body to the fury of the Storm. [Exit Eun. Alarum-Bell.]

Qu. What means this sudden out-cry ? Oh my Sons ! Ent. Qu.
Hold, Hold ! Part them good Gentlemen. } & Ladys

Clot. Mother you are a trouble, stand from mine Arm, } Guard,
Let me cut off Rebellion in the Spring, } Landrey
Lest it beget a harvest that will prove
Fruitfull in Treason, Brav'd by a Subjects hand.

Qu. Though Nature by Precedency of Birth,
Made thee his King, it therefore follows not
His Murtherer ; wherein is our *Clotaire*
Greater then *Clovis* ? Know, the self-same Blood
That Spirits thee, makes him as Valiant,
The difference lies in *Anno Domini*.

Eun. Accurate Mischief, Fluent Villany. [Aside.]

Qu. I grant thou art his Elder ; by which Law
Thou art born his Subject, not his Equal, *Clovis* ;
For *Clotaire* is thy King, and Subjects hands,
Without the deep and dangerous Traytors Name,
May not advance against their Sovereigns Head.

Clot. Neither shall his without correction :
Upon him Slaves.

Qu. Hold, I Command ye hold.
O *Clotaire*, thou art of a Valiant Soul,
And wilt thou basely thus beset thy Brother ?
Fear Argues spirits most degenerate,
And that thou fearest th'advantage argues it ;
Oh set not on thy Slaves ; if he must dye,
Let thy hand Sacrifice, not Butcher him.

Clot. That Argument Sounds harsh; shall *Clotaire* fear?

Eun. Exquisite Philter, Poyson to the height. *[Aside.]*

Clot. Sacrifice me, it is not in his Power.

Qu. We hope so *Clovis*; yet thy Brother King,
Is as an Earthly-God, his Will, his Law,
His Power uncircumscrib'd, unlimited,
For Kings have will as uncontroul'd as fate,
And Majesty can look a Subject dead.

Clot. How look me Dead? I do not fear his frowns.

Qu. I Grant thee as great a *Basaliske* as he;
As he is meerly man: but as thy King,
Divinity does prop him; he stands sure
That builds on that Foundation: Yet I know
Thy Sword's as Sharp as his, and where it lights
Imprints as much of fate, thine Arm as strong,
Thy Spirit as daring, and thy will as prompt
To any Action that may right a man.

Clot. He is your Darling, you do well to praise him;
When I have slain him, Write his Epitaph.

Clot. My Epitaph, this Pen of Steel shall first,
Write on thy Heart, thine end.

Eun. It Operates.

The Venom'd Potion of a Womans Tongue
Is more sublim'd then Mercury.

Clot. Our Guard

That let's a Traytor pull me by the beard:
Cut him to peices Rascalls.

Qu. O my Son!

Villain, thy Hands have made these holes, for which
The winged Vengeance of a Mothers Curse
Subtler in Operation then Lightning,
Strike thro' thy Body every Limb a Death.

Eun. How cunningly she spits her Poyson forth,
I know her Soul is Light, she's glad he's Dead,
And joys in the opportunity to Curse the killer;
For which she gains the name of Pious Mother:
Here's pritty Woman Villain, dissimulation.

Aph. If they have slain him, wherefore do I Live?
O my swoln'n Heart.

Clot. Bear hence these Corps, withall
Remove that Syren from our wandring Eyes,
And Cage her in a Dungeon, hence begone,
Bear her to Prison, reason not the Cause
A Kings Prerogative's above his Laws.

*They fall upon him
with their Halberds,
and he's Slain.*

*Landrey and 2 or 3
Lords more seem to
Sollicit for Aph.
[Exit.]*

Aph.

Aph. Be mercifull, and lead to Death, away;
Since he is gone, it is to Dye, to stay.

Exeunt Omnes, manent
Queen, Landrey, Eun.

Qu. Now we begin to flourish, this black Night
Is only lighted by our stars, that smile
Upon these actions, and rejoyce to see
Thee our sole Favoutite so near a Crown:

But tell me *Landrey*, how did I play the Mother?

Did not I present a *Niobe*, in passion,

Did'st thou not fear an Inundation,

A deluge of Salt Rhume?

Land. You had no costive Eye, that I dare say,
For certainly you wept.

Qu. Yes; as a good Actor in a Play would do,

Whole fancy works as if he waking dreamt

So strongly on the object that it Copes with,

Shaping realities from Mockeries;

And so the Queen did weep: By this good Light

I think I could become the Stage as well

As any she that sells her Breath in publick.

Come shall we Act *Landrey*?

Land. Act great Lady;

What Play shall we Enact?

Qu. Dull *Landrey*,

Nothing that's new, Old Plays you know are best:

Eunuch is our Bed ready.

Eun. Great Queen it is.

Qu. Come then my Joy to Bed, where we will sport,

And laugh at Death, which Triumphs in the Court.

Exeunt. Manet Eunuch

Eun. Go sleep your last; Ple streight unto the King,

And he shall take them in the very Act;

And then to Cover my Discovery

I'll set on fire the Queens Bed-Chamber,

That so I may disturb them more secure,

And yet the Plot not mine: I'll tell the King

Unless he present Help, his Mother burns

About it then, this is a happy Night;

The more it works their Woe, more's my delight.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter the King and Eunuch.

Eun. **L**ook how it flames! I fear some Treachery;
 Beat at her Chamber-door, cry it aloud,
 And let your Voice be Thunder to this Lightning.
 Cry Fire, Fire, Fire! The Court is all a Hot-house.
 Fire, Fire, Fire!

*{ Knocks at
 the Door.*

Clot. Great Queen, Royal Mother, open your door,
 Lest you do sleep for ever, Mother awake.
 The God of sleep lies heavy on her Eyes.
 Force open the door, Fire, Fire, Fire!

[again.

Eun. It's fortified 'gainst strength, you must call louder.

Clot. Mother, Queen, Mother, awake, awake!
 Your sleep was never liker death then now:
 Lady, Great Princes, Fire, Fire, Fire!

[again.

Enter Queen above in Night attire and Landrey.

Qu. What Sawcy Groom
 Beats our offenseless doors thus daringly,
 He'd better rous'd a sleeping Lionsess,
 Then thus to have broke our slumbers.

[Exit Eunuch.

Clot. Look,
 The Fire will give you Light, tis I your Son;
 Fly from that Chamber, else you are but dead,
 Your Court is all a bonafire.

Qu. Let it burn.
 I've lost my Credit everlastingly,
 I will not move a-foot.

[aside.

Clot. You must be forced then.

[aloud.

[beats at the door.

Land. Where are your wits now in necessity,
 We shall be taken, and you than'd for ever;
 Bethink, Bethink your self.

[Softly.

Qu. I have't, it shall be so, there put on that,
 Appearing in his Brothers Warlike Shape
 Thou wilt amaze, and so pass by him safely.
 Do not appear to me, I did not wound thee;

[aside.

[aloud.

Seek

Seek out the Beds of those that caus'd thy death,
And howl to them thy pittifull Complaint.

Clot. Whom do you hold discourse with, with the Air?
Bethink your self, this is no time to dally.

Qu. Oh, my Son, such horrid apparitions, full of dread
have I beheld, have quite unwitted me:
Your Brothers Ghost, fearfully terrible,
Has thrice this dismal night appear'd to me:
His Wounds did bleed, just as our *Clotaire* caus'd them,
To those he points, and calls *Aphelia*
To bear him company i' th' other World,
Or else he'll nightly haunt us in our sleeps;
Thrice did he cry Revenge, and with that word
Sprang thro' the roof, which now stands bare to Heaven,
Where he did rain down fire which here we see.

Clot. Behold it comes.

Enter Landrey
in Armour.

Qu. Oh fear it not my Son.

Clot. What art thou that usurp'st this dead of night
In mettall like the air? Why art thou sent
To cast a horror on me? If thy Soul
Walks unrevenged, and the grim Ferry-man
Deny thy passage, we'll perform thy rights;
Oh do not wound me with such piteous signs:
Lest I dissolve to air, and like thy self
Affright fool-Mortals: If thou desirest
Aphelia's death, t'appease thy troubled Soul,
Make some consenting sign and so depart,
Thy sight afflicts my Soul.

Exit Landrey.
Enter Queen.

Qu. How fares our Son?

Clot. Oh I am full of faintings; nothing but *Aphelia*?

Qu. She must dye, you see it's requisite.

Clot. Would he had askt my life first.

[Enter Eunuch.]

Qu. Why should you be so fond upon a Woman,

Clot. Woman's the least part in her, she's all goddess.

Qu. 'Twas your offer;

Remember there's no jesting with the gods.

Eu. What might this mean? ha? where are my brains?

Clot. I had forgot my self, your pardon Mother:

Bear her from me this Jewel, I esteem

[gives her a Jewel.]

Equal with life, it was my Brothers Picture;

And with it, this, that she prepare to dye

Tell her, and if you can be moved to sorrow

Express it in your tears, it is for I

Pronounce this fatal Sentence gainst her life,

But the hid will, and Providence of Heaven;
 Against the which to be offended, were
 As impious as not obey. *Castrato* stay,
 And with thy Counsel cure thy dying Prince,
 Thou art my bosome, Eunuch, and to thee
 I dare unclasp my Soul: What's to be done,
 This is a damned Spirit I have seen
 And comes to work my Ruine.

*Exeunt Omnes
 manet Eunuch
 who professes to
 go out.*

Eu. What Spirit?

Clot. My Brothers Spirit in Arms, here it came forth,
 Here, from my Mothers Chamber as I knockt.

Eu. Was it in Armour said you? what in Armour?

Clot. Yes in the Armour he was us'd to wear
 When we have run at Tilt, 'till our cleft Spears
 Have with their splinters scar'd the Element.

Eu. That Armour as I well remember, I did leave
 In the Queens Bed-Chamber, as yesterday
 After the Triumphs and the Turnements,
 Having unbrac't the Prince: 'tis even so:
 Why this is a ridiculous Passion.

Clot. My state requires thy tears, and not thy mirth.

Eu. The Devil came from your Mothers Chamber Sir,
 She has a Circle which can raise a Spirit,
 A *Mars* in Armour too; she is a *Venus*,
 And through your License *Landrey* is no Eunuch.

Clot. What killing sense thou utter st,
 There's something in it I would understand
 And yet I dare not. *Landrey*! how know'st thou this?

Eu. Since I have gone so far I'll tell you.
 I look'd in at the Key-hole, and I saw
 Him in your Mothers Arms, as sportingly
 As e're I saw your Father.

Clot. Thou hast shot Poyson thro' me:
 False with *Landrey* her sometime-Page!

Eu. Even with the same.

Clot. It's not impossible,
 My Mother always had a scant'd fame,
 His thoughts to have been mine: I am distracted.
 Was he the fearful Vision that I saw?

Eu. Upon my life he was.

Clot. But wherefore would they have *Apheia* dye?

Eu. There lies the Mystery,
 They fear you will accept her as your Queen,
 And frustrate their intents, who but expect

Your

Your hop'd for death, that they might so become
(What now you'd cross) Lawfully Man and Wife
And Govern in your Seat.

Clot. This carries shew of truth, or is't a lye
Well shaddow'd by a Slave? I cannot tell;
My Mother certainly is not so bad,
It is a sin to think it: Hence, avoid my fight,
Thou sower of debate, thy Seeds are strow'd
On steril ground, and therefore ill bestow'd. [Exit.

Em. Is't even so? work and about my brain
I'me lost for ever if not close again. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Dumaine, Martel, Burbon, Lanoue.

Lanoue. Are all your Troops well furnish'd 'gainst resistance?
Are you men bold and daring? resolute
To run your hazzard? indifferent rich, not poor
That only fight for Bread? such oft betray
The sinews of a well-knit Plot for gain,
When these as well fight to defend as win.

Dum. Noble *Lanoue*;
Mine know, nor fear, nor death; Souls of that fire
They'l catch the Bullet flying, scale a Wall
Battled with Enemy, stand Breaches, laugh
The Thunder of the Canon, call it Musick
Fitter a Ladies Chamber then the Field;
When o're their heads the Element is scaled,
Darken'd with Darts, they'l fight under the shade,
And ask no other roof to hide their heads in;
They fear not *Jove*, and had the Gyants been
But half so spirited they had dethron'd him.

Lan. They're Soldiers fit to sack a Kingdom then,
And share the spoils between them.

Bur. Were it come to that sport once—

Mar. *Burbon* it must, or some of us must fall.

Lan. Where shall we first attempt?

Dum. The Pallace.

Burb. I say no, it's dangerous.

Dum. It is the safest course.

Martel.

Mart. Believe it not, for it is full of hazzard.

Dum. So is the general enterprize in hand.

Mart. But this of certain ruine,

Lan. Give us a reason why you would invade
The Pallace first, and we are satisfied.

Dum. Now you speak like your self :
Then understand, *Lamot* lives still at Court
Disguis'd like a poor Chyrurgeon,
To whom the Prince being delivered
to be Embalm'd and Bowel'd, finding life
Yet in his Corps, which way he's very Skillfull ;
Has balsom'd all his wounds and cur'd him.

Lan. And what of this? This makes against us quite.

Dum. I did but even now receive this letter,
Which constancy affirms it from himself.
He says it is not known in Court, the Prince to live [gives *Lan.*
For divers reasons best known to themselves,
And herein doth require of secrefey ;
Therefore dear friend divulge it not.

Lan. He says the Princes supposed funeral
This day is solemnized with greatest pomp,
And that *Aphelia* dyes a sacrifice,
That hour he is buried, on his Herse :
What if we made attempt to save the Virgin ?

Dum. That must not be, better she fall alone
Then all of us together; and now best Friends,
Let's behave us bravely ; it's no base act
We undertake, but our whole Countries freedom
From slavery and bondage, Men of worth stand bare
To Pages, and gilt butterflies, besides the Queen
Will grave us all, rather than want sport
In spilling Humane blood ; come let's withdraw,
And lay the Platform of this mighty work :
My Soul sits smiling in me I Divine,
Though now it lowre we shall see Sun will shine.

[*Drum.*

SCENE III.

Enter Clovis, and Lamot disguis'd like a Chyrurgeon. Recorders.

Clov. *Strephon*, for so thou nam'st thy self, thou'st made
Thy Prince thy Subject, by this timely cure,

This

This is the hour I must be buried living,
And with me the Fair *Aphelia*, *Strophon*
Is it so?

Lamot. Nay, this the very Minute,
Hark, I hear them coming—

[a dead March within.

Clov. Lend me thy Cloak
Here we'll observe the Mourners.

Recorders. Enter King, *Fredegond*, and attendance, and Eunuch
at one door in Mourning as after the Corps of *Clovis*; at the other
Aphelia led by two boys, a *Headsmen* before as to Sacrifice, all in
White, the *Herse* is set down between both the Companies, *Aphelia*
weeping at one End, and the King at the other, who after a little
pause speaks as followeth; after these *Old Brissac* weeping.

Clov. Thou Royal load of Honour, burthen of grace,
Fitting an *Atlas* Shoulder, which he groans
More then the Spheres and Sweats thy weight not theirs;
Let me bedew thy *Herse* with pious tears,
(Balm to thy wounds) repenting ones;
Behold this spotless sacrifice, a virgin,
As pure in thought as vesture, an oblation
To ransom *Jove* and Heaven had they been taken,
And so we yeild her up. [gives her to the Headsmen.

Brif. Oh my good Lord,
This is conspiracy 'gainst an old mans life,
Have you no other way to murder me
But to begin with Her? Why must she dye?
Because she's fair? or that—

Clov. *Brissac*, peace:

[the King takes the Sword
from the Headsmen.

Clov. What *Pagent's* this?

Lam. Contain your self

You may prevent the danger when you please.

Clov. Behold the Conquest of thine eyes *Aphelia*,
France at thy foot, tread on his Royalty,
Or if thy Nature knows not to forgive;
Which to believe were impious, take this Sword
Send me a willing, willing sacrifice,
T'appease the troubled spirit of this love.

[the King kneels
and lays the
Sword at *Aphe-*
lia's feet.

Qu. O Eunuch that she'd take him at his word.

[aside.

Clov. I find a speaking pitty in thine eyes,
Which thence will drop upon thy gentle tongue
And cry, In peace long live my Sovereign.

Aphe. Long live *Cloaire*, long live my Sovereign.

Clot. The Motions of the Spheres move in that tongue :
 Turn all your Sables into futes of Joy,
 Your dirges into sprightfull wedding airs :
 Why looks our Court so sad, is this a time
 To anchor your aspects unto the earth ?
 By my blest self he's a traytor to the height

That does not streight Salute her as his Queen. *{ they sling off*

Om. Long live *Aphelia*, Queen of *France*, and us. *{ their Mourn-*

La. Do you hear this? what are you Planet-struck? *{ King Cloaks.*

Clovis, Prince, Monsieur. *{ the Cardinal*

Clot. Cardinal ——— *{ contracts them.*

Lam. Now, now, prevent them yet, are you a stone ?
 Have you a working Pulse? O Statue-Prince
 Thou art undone for ever.

Clov. Where am I?

Awake ! for ever rather let me sleep :
 Is this a Funeral? oh that I were a Herse, *[discloses himself.*
 And not the mock of what is Pageanted.

Clot. Amazement quite confounds us, *Clovis* alive!

Clov. Oh that in nature I could find an art
 Could teach me to forget, I ever lov'd
 This, her great master-piecc. Oh well-built frame
 Why do'st thou harbour such unhallow'd ghests
 To house within thy bosom, Perjury ?
 If that our Vows are registred in heaven
 Why are they broke on earth? *Aphelia*
 This was a hasty match, the subtle air
 Has not yet cool'd the breath, with which thou swor'st
 Thy self into my soul; and on thy cheeks
 The print and path-way of those tears remain
 That woo'd me to believe so : Fly me not,
 I am no Spirit, touch my active pulse
 And thou shalt find it make such harmony
 As youth and health enjoy.

Eu. The Queen, she faints.

Clov. Is there a god left so propitious
 To rid me of these fears? still let her sleep;
 For if she wake (O King) she will appear
 Too Monstrous a specter for frail Eyes
 To see, and keep her Senses.

Lamot. Are you Mad?

Clov. Nothing so happy, *Strephon*, I would I were.
 In times Swift-progress, I despair the hour
 That brings such comfort with it ; I should then

For get

Forget that ever she was pleasing to me,
 I should no more remember she would sit
 And sing me into Dreams of Paradise,
 Never more hang about her Ivory Neck
 Believing such a one *Diana* was;
 Never more doat she breaths *Arabia*,
 Or Kiss her Corral Lip into a paleness.

Clot. *Clovis* what's past we are content to think
 It was spoken by our Brother, and not our Subject.

Clov. I had forgot my self; yet well remember
 Yon *Gorgon* has Transform'd me into Stone,
 And since that time my Language has been harsh,
 My words too heavy for my tongue; too earthly;
 I was not born so; Trust me *Aphelin*
 Before I was possess'd with these black thoughts
 I could sit by thy side, and rest my head
 Upon the rising pillows of thy Breast
 Whose natural sweetness would invite mine eyes
 To sink in pleasing slumbers, wake and kiss
 The Rose-beds that afforded me such bliss.
 But thou art now a General Disease
 That eatest into my Marrow, turn st my blood
 And makest my Veins run Poyson, that each sense
 Groans at the alteration. Am I the *Monsieur*?
 Does *Clovis* talk his sorrows and not Act?
 Oh man be womanized; wert thou not mine
 How comes it thou art his?

Clot. You have done ill,
 And must be taught so; you Capitulate
 Not with your equal, *Clovis* she's thy Queen.

Clov. Upon my Knees I do acknowledge her,
 Queen of my thoughts, and my affections,
 O pardon me if my ill-tutored-tongue
 Has forfeited my Head; if not, behold
 Before the Sacred Altar of your Feet
 I lie a willing Sacrifice.

Aph. Arise:
 And henceforth *Clovis* thus instruct thy Soul;
 There lies a depth in Fate, which earthly eyes
 May faintly look into but cannot fathom:
 Thou had'st my Vow 'till death to be thy Wife,
 You being dead my Bonds were cancelled,
 And I as thus you see bestowed

Chy. Farewell.

A long-farewell to Love ; thus I do break
 Your Pledge of broken faith : And with this Kiss,
 The last that ever *Clovis* must print there
 Un-kiss that Kiss which seal'd it on thy Lips :
 Ye Powers ye are unjust, for her wild breath
 (That has the Sacred tye of Contract broken)

Is still the same *Arabia* that it was.

Nay I have done ; beware of Jealousy ;
 I would not have you nourish jealous thoughts ;

Tho' she has broke her faith to me, to you

Against her Reputation, she'll be true ;

Farewell, my first Love Lost, I'll choose to have

No Wife till death shall wed me to my Grave,

Come *Strephon*, come, and teach me how to dye,

That gav't me Life so unadvisedly.

Clot. 'Twas mine I sent it to *Aphelia* ;

Mother I've found your Minion ; but no more,

The time's not ripe : something I must do—

Qu. Call back the Monsieur, let him not

Depart so full of grief.

Clot. Mother content your self,

Let *Clovis* that way go, this way will we,

He's great with grief, we wish felicity.

Qu. Mischief grows lean *Castrato*, all our Plots

Turn head upon themselves ; my brain's grown weak

And in this Globe the Policy's not left

To kill a Worm unseen ; I am undone

And all my Plots discover'd.

Eunuch. This is Strange.

Some commick devil crosseth our designs ;

How else should he revive ? or you, prepar'd,

Nay, in the arms of *Landrey*, when desire

Had made you all a *Venus*, meet events

So barren in their expectations

Qu. There lies the grief *Castrato* ; had the Court

(So I had quench't these burning flames)

Been buried in her cinders I had not car'd.

Ev. But yet *Landreys* escape does qualify

The non-performance.

Qu. That sits smiling here

Is set my brains upon the tentors, *Eunuch*,

Was't not a rare device ?

Ev. And was not I

As fortunate to leave that Armour there ?

[*breaks a Ring.*

[*Exeunt Clov. & Lam.*

the King here beholds

in Landreys Hat the

Jewel he sent by his

Mother to Aphelia.

[*Exeunt omnes*

mauent Qu. &

Eunuch.

But

But now what's to be done?

Qu. My dull *Ecce*
I will instruct thy blackness, learn to know

My reputation's sickned, and my fame

Is look'd into with narrow eyes at Court,

Therefore it's thus decreed: I will remove

And sequester my self from Company.

Eu. Good.

Qu. Thou knowst where *Childrick* kept his Concubine

To none discover'd but thy self and me,

For which they are no more.

Eu. Right.

Qu. There will I

And my *Landrey* securely spend our time;

Revell, embrace, and what not my Eunuch?

The Cave that leads unto the Postern-Gate

Which *Childrick* made will give him entrance

No eye acquainted; being thus retired

What Lust inflam'd must be by Lust un-fired.

Eu. Excellent Mistress I applaud your brain.

Qu. I will away to night, I cannot brook

These soothed Nuptials, they have undone

My hopes on earth for ever; therefore away,

Acquaint *Landrey* with these designs.

Eu. What else?

Qu. If by the engine of thy stronger brain

Thou could'st remove —

Eu. *Aphelia*, or the King,

Monfieur or all, is it not so my Queen?

Qu. Thou hast a brain which doth engender thoughts

As regal as our own; which does beget

A race of rare events; what pity 'tis

Thy body should be sterill; for thy mind

Is of so pregnant and a fruitfull kind

Farewell, remember me.

Eu. Remember you, you shall be thought on, fear it not.

And now bethink thee *Eunuch*, all thy Plots

Find fruitless goodness, only in the King:

His Worship walk'd into the other World

Like a tame Sucking-Child that dy'd of the Pipp

The trouble is behind, my hate extends

To the whole Family, I must root them up;

And Beldam first with you: But how? but how?

If in her proud desires, I prevent

Her

Her Lust this Second time, before the Third
She may repent and save her loathed Soul,
Which my Revenge would Damn; yet were the cross
Her Lust, being now at full flood within her,
And no way left to quench her burning flames,
Her dryer Bones would make a Bonafire
Fit for the Devil to warm his limbs: by
Ha! Shall it be thus? No it must not be,
Nor must the high and mighty Queen *Aphelia*
This Night Enjoy her Bridegroom, I must let
Some Mischief instantly on foot to cross it,
If I miscarry in't, Story shall tell
I did attempt it bravely tho' I fell.
Clov. Diswade me not *Castrato*! I have sought thee
Through every angle of this *Impatious Court*,
I've bus'ness to impart.
Eu. And so have I.
Clov. Mine are of Honourable consequence
And do require thine aid.
Eu. So does mine yours.
Clov. *Aphelia* is—
Eu. Your Brother's Wife, and you
Would fain enjoy her too? Why fir you may,
But time must work here.
Clov. Eunuch thou art wide,
Those vanities of Love are quite Extinct,
Revenge does swell the *Modesty*, and his thoughts
Which burns within him must be quencht with blood.
Seest thou this Letter, 'tis a script I feign'd, *[Shows him a Letter]*
For I can Counterfeit *Aphelia's* hand
The King has banisht *Landrey* from the Court
Because he wore the Jewel which he lent
To his *Aphelia*, light suspicions
But this shall aggravate: find thou the King,
Shew him this note, it doth express great Love
To *Landrey* from *Aphelia*, and withall
It mentioneth the Jewel as a gift
To gratify her servant, whilst to the rest
Of poyson he has suckt already in
Shall so inflame him, that the Court shall burn
Too Hot for his *Aphelia*.
Eu. Think it done:
But now your aid, since that your mind is bent
On Honourable deeds, here's one will try you.

Clovius

Clov. What is it Eunuch?
If that ~~it~~ ^{there} ~~is~~ ^{an} honourable Name;
Tho' death stood gaping wide to swallow me
I will not shrink nor fear.

En. Noble: Hear't then.
Your mother's loose, and this night renders up
Her body unto lust if not prevented,
I can direct you how, and where, with whom,
If you'll be tame, be tame, dishonour blots
Your Princely Parentage.

Clov. My soul finds the Man
Is't not *Landrey*?

En. The same.

Clov. I'll tear him all to pieces,
Whore my mother? Eunuch lead the way,
In what thou shalt prescribe, we will obey. [Exeunt Omnes]

ACT IV SCENE I.

A Bed. Enter Clotaire Solus.

Clot. **W**hat vulture gripes me here; ha, what art thou?
If thou be'st jealousy, mount and be gone;
Fly to the vulgar bosome, whose cheap thoughts,
Despair their own performance; in a King
Thou shew'st a Nature retrograde to Honour.
Suppose she gave the jewel, must it follow
She therefore is disloyal, poor consequence
A bubble for a boy to play withal.
I am resolv'd; Heark I hear her coming:
O *June* what a gate and look is there?

Soft Musick. Enter Aphelia, Isabel, Julia, with Tapers
as having Aphelia to Bed.

Aph. Mock me not Ladies with this Ceremony,
For I am fitter to attend on you,
I am become a Servant and a Slave
To every moody Passion of my Lord:
Pray leave me, all that's behind
I can perform my self.

Isabel

Isa. Great Queen of *France*.

Aph. That name of Queen sounds strangely in mine ears;
It's like a Language that I once could speak,
But now have quite forgot, call not me Queen;
All Gilded Royalties I'll quite renounce,
And all my study shall be how to dye:
Empress of woe, and Queen of Misery.

Jul. You must not weigh these things so deep,
Your Lord is of an honourable spirit,
And you will see how calm he will return,
Blessing your bridal bed with fruitfull Issue.

Aph. No, No.

The Saffron-colour'd *Hymen* frowns upon me:
These Tapers too were lighted at a Pike,
As Fit attendants on the Grave, not Bed.
Juno denies her presence at this match
And all the ill presaging Birds of Night
Sing fatal Requiems for a bridal song
Oh Ladies, is not this ominous?

Clot. Yes my *Aphelia* if that rugged fate
Lye in a kiss then it is ominous,
Her kisses melt upon my lip: if sin
Have so much heaven in it, I'll be a sinner.

Aph. I hope your fears are satisfy'd now,
You bare a brow so pleasant.

Clot. What pretty foolery is this *Aphelia*?

I am not jealous, for by all that's good,
I cannot think thee evil; go be gone

[*Ex. manet Clot.*]

Unharness your Lady for these wars,
We're of the Camills and fight naked.

Ye powers that favour lovers, infuse apt Strength,

Though every Nerve and Sinew of this frame

Make me all pleasure; and unto the Bride,

Add every vein a *Venus*; guide me light,

Where in one Bed lyes all the Worlds delight.

What knockings this? *Castrato*, what's the news?

Deliver Briefly, for I am in hast.

[*knocking with-
in, Enter Eun.*]

Eun. Not yet in Bed? oh happy, happy minute:

Untill this hour I ne're was fortunate,

I have preserved my King, my Prince, my Patron,

From the loose ardor of a Strumpet's Bed.

Clot. What's this?

Eun. I deal not now on doubts; your wife is loose
Dishonest as the Suburbs, I am loth

To

To nominate her Whore tho' it be true.

Clot. True!—

Eu. Leave this lethargiz'd passion, which benumbs

Your nobler nature; turn your eyes on these;

Whose Character is this?

Clot. Ha! let me see:

This is *Aphelia's* hand, the very same

Which I have often seen *Clovis* peruse

In his Loves amorous pursuit.

Eu. Read the Contents.

Clot. A Letter that she loves *Landrey*, with thanks

For his so often visits; which she repays

With the rich Jewel sent her by the King,

Wishing a perpetuity of embracements;

Ten thousand Ravens croak in this black paper,

How came you by it?

Eu. I saw it drop from *Landrey*, but ne're thought

'Fore I perus'd it, what it did contain;

Which finding, in my duty I was bound

To save my Prince from ruine.

Clot. Follow me

Black vengeance steel my heart with cruelty.

I'll take her sleeping thus; it cannot be,

Do but behold her face, and thou shalt read

What we call virtue there and modesty;

Here is a look would persuade cruelty

To sigh and shed a tear, bribe *Nemesis*

To knot her Steely Scourge with plumie down,

And *Jove* himself to call her vice a virtue.

Eu. A book of Devils may have the cover gilt,

Treason lies cabben'd in the smoothest brow,

The Devil can assume an Angels form,

Your Wife is fair, but fair to do you harm.

Clot. Peace Villain, thou that infects all peace.

Eu. Why are you thus distemper'd? let not truth

Make you so wild a Tempest; were it false,

Or that I sought the ruine of your house

Your youth and honour, then it were a time

To swell beyond all charming down:

But being truth!

Clot. Hence dog, avoid my sight,

Fly where the under-world, ill vers'd in kindred,

Promiscuously combine without distinction,

Where every man is every womans husband,

Or where it's thought a courtesy to have,
 A fellow-sharer in the marriage-bed?
 These were a People that might bare with thee
 And fit for thee to dwell with; hence, away,
 And if thou lov'st thy life acquaint thy feet
 With such by-paths that we may never meet. [Exit]

Eu. This Prince is of a nature milde and gentle,
 His mother's milk's too fluent in his eyes,
 And much I fear his resolution;
 Yet I will work him forward; she awakes;
 I'll after him and bring him back, if then
 She scape his rage, Hell has no power with men. [Exit]

Aph. Oh, oh, oh, help, help, my Lord, my Lord, my Father,
 Oh my Lord.

Bless me Divinity, 'twas but a Dream;
 Ha! the light gone, who waits there, *Isabel*;

Julia, Isabel. [Enter Isabel]

Isab. That was my Ladies voice; calls she for help?
 I cannot blame her, were I in her place
 I should do so my self; the Prince looks like a bungler.

Aph. Isabel.

Isab. Did you call Madam?

Aph. Saw'st thou nothing *Isabel*? where is my Lord?

Isab. Is he absent? I cannot blame her then to call for help;
 I should do't my self; so near a good turn, and delay'd,
 O it would mad me; a Prince, a Puppet would have
 Been more manly; How do you Madam?

Aph. All stands not well.

Isab. I believe that faithfully.

Aph. O Girl, I've past the dismal'st part of night
 That ever made soft fancy fool.

Isab. If all Brides should be so fool'd, I'de forswear Marriage.

Aph. Methought I saw my Father in a Vault,
 His silver hair made crimson by his blood,
 My Brother at his Herse upon his knees
 Taking a solemn Oath for his revenge,
 Yet all this while so fancy fool'd my sense
 Methought that I was here, when on the instant
 My Lord in preparation for my bed,
 Was by an ugly Fiend raviht from hence
 And hurried to destruction, here I waked,
 And trust me *Isabel*, I scarce believe
 But what I saw was real. Heard'st thou nothing?

Isab. I heard discourse of People in your chamber

Not half an hour since : but they went forth
And to my seeming full of discontent,
But know not who they were.

Aph. Oh it is true, help me *Isabel*,
I'll to my Fathers, my Prophetique soul
Sits like a Mine of Lead within me,
Come Girl.

Isab. This sad sight
Befits a funeral, not a bridal night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Clotaire and the Eunuch.

Clot. Eunuch I'me resolved, I will be cruel
Since she's defil'd, and like a Chrystal Well
That has her spring poysoned by the enemy,
Of which it's death for the besieg'd to taste,
Such are adulterate waters. *Castrato*
What read'st thou in our brow?

Eu. A foolish grudging of the mother still.

Clot. A settled resolution my black Saint,
Not to be alter'd by the brackish tears
Which flow in pregnant eyes of easy woman,
My honour calls for vengeance, and I'll do ;
Ha, how ! she's gone, and I have lost mine anger too.

*Looks on
the Bed.*

Eu. But whither is she gone, to some new Groom,
Who being fool'd in expectation
Will make thee Cuckold on thy wedding night.

Clot. Thou hast awaked me, I'll know where she is,
Hell nor her darker deeds shall hide her from me :
Who waites ? *La-key.*

La. My Lord.

[*Enter La-key.*]

Clot. Where is thy Lady ? where is *Aphelia* ?

La. She's even now gone forth.

Clot. Forth ! with whom ?

La. There was one with her, but whether man or woman
I am uncertain ; but sure it was a man,
she would not dare to venture out so late else.

Clot. Get to thy rest,
I'll take thy word Eunuch for the Kingdoms wealth.

[*Exit La-key.*]

Eu. Oh d'ye begin to credit now,
Now when perhaps in this hour
This comes of patience.

Clo. Turn patience into fury, love to hate,
My softer temper to a heart of steel,
Respect to Wedlock and the Sacred Vow,
Made 'fore the Holy Alter to the Priest,
Thus I do fling ye off; Revenge shall move
About our Bridal-bed instead of Love.

[Exit]

SCENE III.

Enter Clovis, Strephon, and the Watch.

Clo. Upon your lives let no man pass that way.

Watch. We shall obey in all.

Clo. If he resist or offer violence
In his escape, knock out his brains.

Watch. We'll do our best my Lord.

Clo. There's your reward, be careful and be gone.
You shall possess the Cave: my self will
And visit these night-revelers, such sports
I will administer, shall make them dance
Laolto's in the air; this shall fiddle to them
Have you the Habit Strephon?

Lan. With these hands I did disrobe the Statue of your Father.
And they are ready.

Clo. Landrey, blood does swell
The Monsieur's thoughts, to send thy soul to Hell.

SCENE IV.

Enter Landrey solus. Musique above plays.

Lan. The air's perfum'd each room thro' which I walk
Banquets the senses, courts the appetite
Of every faculty that makes up man
To complement it into Paradise:
If then Elysium's here, where are those shades,

Those

Those blessed apparitions Poets feign ?
 Appear my goddess and out-sing the Poets. [Enter Fredegonde.
 Reality of fancy, that excellest
 The faint expression of a lazy tongue
 Whose roof is hous'd with flesh, to tell thy worth,
 Tongues tipt with Immortality would faint in't.

Qu. Excellent servant, what House do you write to?
 Poet and Actor both ! why this sudden gaze ? *She looks admiringly on her.*
 Your cases are too narrow for your eyes,
 Pray keep your optiques Sir, for *Venus* service.

Lan. No,
 I'll play the Prodigal with my precious sight,
 And spend all on you ; to view your second
 Were such a happiness, after the which,
 It were a sin to see more.

Qu. Bless me *Rablais* !
 And all ye softer fancies of the *French*,
 What ails the man ! my *Landrey-Laureat* ?

Lan. It is my Queen that's *Laureat*, whose blest sight
 Creates a Poet ; this divine feature
 Heaven only fram'd to make men ingenuous.

Qu. Is this *Extrempore* ? or have you hired
 Some Hackney-Muse acquainted with the road
 Of vulgar exorcisms, to charm sweet Beauties ?
 Take up at this speed, else your Muse will founder.

Lan. Founder and have her foundress by ! with patience
 Hear but these poor expressions of your worth,
 Which faintly Paint forth your perfections,
 And you shall bless my Muse.

Qu. We'll hear your Jigg,
 How is your Ballad Titled ? come pronounce.

Lan. From head to foot my Mistress been [*Lan. reads.*
 Far excelling beauties Queen.
 Had *Jason* but beheld her hair,
 The Golden-Fleece had ne'er seem'd fair.
 Those Stars (which Mortals suppose eyes)
 Were ascendant in the Skies ;
 When it fell to *Venus* lot
 That little *Cupid* was begot.
 Her tongue, (in which the Spheres do move
 Organ of divinest Love)
 Was by *Apollo* fram'd, that he
 From hence might learn more harmony,
 Who notes her teeth, and lips, discloses

Walls of Pearl, and Gates of Roses,
 Two-leaved-doors that lead the way
 Through her breath t' *Arabia* ;
 To which would *Cupid* grant that bliss
 I'de go a Pilgrimage to kiss
 Those hills of Snow which on her breast
 Rise swelling with a double Crest.
 Mate *Parnassus* mountain, whence,
 The Muses suck their Eloquence.
 Those Parts which we will not discover,
 He'l imagine that's a Lover.

Like *Juno* she does go,
 Like *Pallas* talk, and sow,
 Like *Venus* in her bliss,
 Each kiss a *Cupid* is.
 And her hands are as White as snow:
 From head to foot &c.

Qu. Leave these aerial viands, tast of what
 Is here substantial ; How like you the fruit ?

Land. Let me for ever dwell upon these lips ;

Qu. You are too greedy of those rarities ;
 And must be dieted, lest surfeiting,
 Your Appetite should sicken and so dye.

Lan. Dye on your Lips, oh death-bed for a *Yove*
 Whose buried here his grave's immortal Love.
 Here will I dwell and know not age nor sorrow.

Qu. Yet *Childrick* knew them both.

Lan. A Frosty Prince
 Begot on *January* by a Dutchman,
 And worthy of those flames he now indures.

Qu. What noise is this ? guard me divinity.

Clov. What has my rashness done ! she's my mother
 My conscience tells me I was much too blame
 Thus to delude her senses ; she returns.

Qu. Oh *Childrick* I confess 'twas I that kil'd thee,
 These hands administred that fatal dram
 Which set thy soul on wing.

Clov. What do I hear ?

Qu. Oh do not snatch my soul from out the world
 Till I have bath'd it in repenting tears
 And made it fit for Heaven.

Clov. She faints ag in.

O Welcome *Strephon*, lend thy gentle hand
 Which Master's Nature, and does life restore ;

[Kisses her.]

Enter *Clov.*
 from under
 the Stage in
 the old Kings
 habit, *Land.*
 flys off, the
Qu. swoons :
 he flings off his
 habit & holds
 her up.

[Enter *Strephon* at the hole.]

Beyond

Beyond the art of *Esculapius*,
Apply thy gentlest medicines.

Lan. Let us withdraw, my life Sir answer hers if she miscarry.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter the Watch.

1. Stand close, stand close, I heard a kind of bussling e're while.

2. Bussling, and they come this way here's that shall bussle them.

3. Peace, peace; he's drunk and will betray us all. [*Enter Lan.*]

Lan. I am betray'd, the Monsieur seeks my life,

All ways against my escape are fortify'd.

Oh cruel Fortune, Bawd to time and Fate

That soothest us up to make us ruinate.

Ha, what is here? great goddess pardon me,

I have offended 'gainst thy deity.

{ *he finds the habit
and puts it on.*

This shall delude the Watch; thrice-blessed hap

That thus deliver st whom they would intrap.

2. I will not stand, nor I cannot stand, I say

I see a voice, d'ye think I'me drunk, what's

That horrid smell, what's that?

{ *they pull the drunken
Watchman to
be quiet.*

1. 3. Bless us, oh bless; diablo, diablo, diablo. [*Exeunt.*]

2. The devil, what devil care I; keep off devil,

I say keep off; I do not fear thee: are you sneaking

Back, you cowardly rogue d'ye budge; I hate a cowardly

Devil as I hate a drunkard; take you that.

[*knocks him down.*]

Lan. Oh, oh, oh.

2. Oh, oh; I'll warrant you I'll make you cry oh: what a devil

Made you in my way: I will now see what money you carry

About you: men say the Prince of darkness is a Gentleman;

By'r Lady he has good cloaths on, but yet for all that

He may have no money.

Enter Clovis, Strephon, and the Queen.

Strephon with his false Beard off.

Qn. I know not where he is, or if I did,
Before I'de yield him up to thy revenge
I'de dyet ten thousand deaths.

Clov.

Clow. Strephon, Strephon,
 For so I still must call thee ; thou hast seen,
 And heard those things delivered, that do split
 My heart in sunder, yet amongst these griefs
 Waich sit like Mines of Lead upon my soul
 There is one corner of my heart that joys
 Thy innocent blood has scaped butchery.
 Thou glorious light that in thine natural orb
 Did st comfortably shine upon this Kingdom,
 How is thy worth eclypsed ? what a dull darkness
 Hangs about thy fame ? in all this piece
 To every limb whereof I once paid duty,
 I know not where to find my Mother.

Qu. The devil and disobedience blinds your eyes.

Clow. Oh that I had no eyes, so you no shame :
 Murther your Husband to arrive at Lust,
 And then to lay the guilt on innocents :
 Blush, blush thou worse then woman.

Qu. Ha, ha, ha.

Clw. Hold my heart,
 You're impudent in sin, has your proud Page
 Made you thus valiant ? tell me where he is,
 For if you dally with me, know this hand
 Shall pull him from thy heart tho' cabbin'd there.

Qu. How dar'st thou cloath thy speech in such a phraze
 To me thy natural Mother ?

Clow. My Mother !
 Adulterate woman, shame of Royalty
 I blush to call thee Mother : thy foul Lusts
 Have taught me words of that harsh consequence
 That stigmatize obedience, and do brand
 With mis becoming accents filial duty.
 Deliver quickly where this Leacher is,
 Here hous'd he must be, for he cannot 'scape,
 Lest wildness conquering my safer sense,
 Thrust forth my hand into an act of horror,
 And leave you breathless here. Will you disclose ?

Qu. What *French Neronian* Spirit have we here ?
 Insolent boy wilt thou turn Parricide ?

Clow. The Justice of my cause would well excuse me,
 If I should execute : speak Murtherefs,
 Where have you mew'd your Monster ?

2. Here lies the Monster ; O rare Monster ; two beards, I'll put
 On this too that's certain, two heads, O delicate dainty Monster

What

What a brave Monster shall I be, the Constable himself } *he in the*
 Cannot make a better Monster, I will steal by these, get } *Habit of*
 Me home, sell these gay cloaths, buy half a dram of Justice } *Child. of*
 And be a Monster of the Peace immediately. } *fers to*

Clov. Will you confess, or—drop oh mine eye-balls out, [*steal by.*
 And thou my sollid flesh dissolve to earth.

Lam. How fares it with your Grace? Great Monsieur speak.

Clov. Look there *Lamot*, see'st thou that horrid shape,
 Which I unjustly did but now usurp;

Looks it not like the King, *Lamot* what say'st thou?

Shall I go kneel to't, call it honour'd Father,

And beg a pardon for my trespasss done?

It would depart, but I will call it back:

Stay thou blest spirit, Royal father, turn,

Behold thy son, thy *Clavis* on his knees,

O pardon gentle spirit pardon me.

2. That's my good Boy, rise, but d'ye hear sirrah,

Put no more tricks nor gulls upon me; my son,

I have but one and he's three quarters rogue by this time;

He's e'n as like thee as ever he can peep,

Bless my Boy, I like him n're the better for't.

Clov. What strange illusion's this? what art thou, speak,
 Or I will nail thee dead against the wall.

2. Just such another Rogue have I to my son as this;

He has his very words too, thou art mine own,

I wonder where I got thee, canst not thou remember?

Lam. Villain?

How cam'st thou by that babit? who art, speak?

2. Is it the Monsieur? I have made a brave hand on't then;

Lord, Lord, see how good cloaths makes us forget our selves:

My name is *Posher*, my trade a Cobler,

One of the Constables Watch in extraordinary;

And if you will believe me Mr. Monsieur,

It went against my stomach very much,

That you should dare presume to call me father,

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Clov. Tell me how thou cam'st by those cloaths? I'll pardon thee.

2. Truly I came lawfully by them, for I stole them,

The devil and I fought 15 hours for them,

He broke my head a dozen times at least;

At last I maul'd the rascal, and he lies there.

Lam. Behold my Lord, the Woodcock's in the gin,

Here lies the great *Landrey*.

Qu. O horrid sin.

Clov. This habit might have ruin'd all, *Lamos* But Goblin now you're caught; what is he dead?

Lam. Scarce hurt my Lord; how is it Sir, look up?

2. Is not the devil dead?

Clov. Hold hold, you have done well.

2. Then whistle Jack-a-dandy. [Enter Eunuch hastily.]

Eu. Where is the Queen?

Qu. Here Eunuch as thou seest in misery.

Eu. Oh my heart, how came they hither? *Lamos* too?

Qu. All that I know is that we are betray'd.

Eu. I'll set them packing fear't not; My good Lord & whispers with

2. D'ye hear friend *Lubifer*, what Cat's your father? & *Clovis*.

How many lives have you got, ha diabolio?

Clov. Thou art a faithfull servant.

Eu. Sir, the Rebels.

Clov. Give them a nobler title, by my life

I do applaud their courage, come they on?

Eu. Yes, and *Brissac* is made their General.

Clov. A hopefull Youth fraught with nobility,

And all the gracefull qualities that write

Man truly honourable, mine injuries

Have stirr'd him up to this.

Eu. His father's dead.

Clov. Trust me I'me sorry for't, grief has broke his heart,

And mine *Castrato*, too: can't thou imagine

Who was the authors of our father's death?

Eu. Am I betray'd, then lend me confidence,

I'me sure I cannot blush; Royal Sir, whom?

Clov. Our Mother and *Landrey*, and this *Lamos*.

They meant should bear the blame: this was *Stephen*.

Eu. It's wondrous strange. Would I were fairly off. [Exeunt.]

Clov. But what news with *Aphelia*, and her Bridegroom?

Eu. As you could wish, he's full of jealousy.

No Frenchman e're was more Italian,

I've wrought him bravely on, your Physick works;

Hither I've brought *Aphelia* too: to morrow

You shall hear further; sport I'll warrant you.

What will you do with these?

Clov. *Castrato*, thus:

Nature forbids me spill my Mothers blood,

And *Landrey* is unfit for my revenge,

For I must study torments for the slave.

Therefore I give them up to your tuition.

Untill we shall return victorious.

Qu.

Qu. Observe you that, there is some comfort yet. *[Aside to Lan.]*

Clov. Then we'll determine of them; if we fall
Let *Clotaire* point them out a funeral;
Reward this fellow largely with our Purse,
His merits are 2000 Crowns, perform it. *[gives him a purse.]*

2. The Lord preserve my Son, I mean the Monsieur,
I truly did I, I was overjoy'd,
And knew not what I said, no truly Son.

If I can keep all this wealth without running mad,
Then *Borshot* may become an Alderman:

Drink I adore thee, drink good fellows all,
Sometimes we rise by drink, but oftner fall.

O me, what a rare thing it is to be a Monster.

[Exit.]

Clov. A moral drunkard. Go away with them,
And on your life let them not stir from hence.

*{ Exit Eu. Qu.
and Lan.*

Now my revenge grows to maturity,

We'll to *Dumaine*, *Lamot*, and joyn with him:

Now *France*, thou ly'st a bleeding, thou shalt prove

What 'tis to cross the Monsieur in his Love.

[Exeunt omnes.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Drum. Enter Charles Brissac, Dumaine, Bourbon,
Lanoue, Martel.

Dum. For certain then the Princes are at odds.

Bris. Yes, and grounds the marriage of my Sister.

Burb. The ulcerous State is ripe, and we must launce it.

Bris. The King does whore my Sister; she's not his,
But true and Lawfully the Monsieurs Wife.

Dum. Did not one *Strophon* wait upon the Prince?

Bris. Yes, such there was, but little nois'd at Court.

Dum. That was *Lamot* our fast and noble friend.

Burb. I wonder that we hear not from him yet.

Lanoue. There's some design on foot that hinders him. *{ a shout*

Dum. What means this noise? *Martel* step forth and see. *{ within.*

Bris. The Monsieur! O death we are surpriz'd,
Suddenly snar'd, let each man to his charge. *{ again, crying the*

Burb. Hark still the noise encreaseth. *{ Monsieur, the Mon-*

Lanoue. By the found

*{ Monsieur, &c.
[again.]*

This is a shout of joy, and not of dread.

Bris. What news, *Martel*?

Mart. You may inform your self.

Mon. *Brissac*, *Dumaine*, *Burbon*, and the rest,

Think not I come a Traytor to your Camp,
I cannot gild my speech with eloquence,
If this will serve you, so ; I am a friend.

Bris. The Monsieur welcome, and his worth will grace
The dignity of this days work in hand.

Mon. My almost Brother once, suffice, I thank you
And fairly greet this brave assembly,
Whose souls do look for stirring opposits,
When your resistance I fear will be slender.

Bris. If we obtain a glorious victory,
Without a crimson tincture of the Field
it will be better : therefore I think it fit
We set upon them e're they be prepar'd,
Twill save much blood on both sides.

Mon. Be it so,
Let us reform the Land, not overthrow.
We will about it streight, lead on before.

*Enter Martel, La-
mot, and Monsieur*

*Again the Mon-
sieur within.
[Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

*Enter Eunuch solus. He draws a Curtain where Landrey sits
bound at one end of the Table, and the Queen at the other.*

Eu. Here sits our Beldam, dieted for venery :
And by her, her *Landrey*, not surfeited ;
Her Ladyship's allow'd a mouldy crust,
He stinking water to piece out his life ;
Between them both they banquet like one Slave
Condemned perpetually to the Burdello.
They think I know not that they thus are used,
When it is only I that use them thus.
How wickedly they look, oh I could laugh,
To hear them rail at other's misery.
He curses her, and she sooth curses him,
And both each other damn for their offences.
Learn ye that pamper up your flesh to Lust,
The Eunuch in his wickedness is Just.

They

They sleep too long, and take too much of ease
I must awake ye, play and play aloud. [*Hobys within.*

Qu. A Mischief take the keeper, hardned dogg
Whom no distress can melt or molify,
The cruel King does not deny us sleep.

Eu. Most gentle Queen,
I am not guilty of these harsh voiced words:
Your wilder sense hurles at me ; you mistake.
I am your Eunuch one that weeps for you.

Qu. Oh *Castrato*, wast not those tear. in vain,
Come hither and I'll catch those falling drops
Which prodigally overflow their banks,
There's nectar in thine eyes, oh let me drink it.

Eu. Tho' I be tortur'd for't, I'll relieve ye. [*Exit.*

Qu. It has quencht half my thirst to find some pity,

Lan. One bit of breadtho it were gray with age,
Hoary and crufted with a Second bark,
Would seem a Banquet to my empty Gorge.
Oh, I am worn to nothing with this want,
Such emptinefs has hunger made of me
That you may draw me on another man.
Some bread, some bread.

*Enter Eunuch with Wine and Meat, he Congees to the Queen
with great Ceremony.*

Qu. Oh thou art welcome, quick dear Eunuch quick;
Away with form and ceremonious duty:
Respect in this is too respectles.

Eu. Oh give me leave, I will begin a health, [*he sips.*
'Tis very good, exceeding pleasant wine.

Qu. Dost thou deride my sufferance?

Eu. No not I.

Qu. Give me the drink then, I'm all flame and fire.

Eu. Say you so, say you so, then you must pardon;
I love your safety, and its dangerous
To drink while you are hot, pray cool and tarry.
In the mean time I will begin to you.

How tart and pleasant this is to the pallat,
A Sweeter Pheasant Christendom affords not.

Lan. I thank thee Eunuch, prethee give it me.

Eu. You'll let me tast it for you, will you not?
Are you so hasty : still you are too hasty,
Gentle fir it will digest the better.

Lan.

Land. More, more, that's excellent. *§ he unlooseth his arms a little*

Eu. Madam here's for you now. *§ that he might feed himself.*

Qu. May heaven reward thee for't, oh it is rare.

Eu. How do you like your banquet great *Landrey*?

Land. Beyond compare.

Eu. And you your drink.

Qu. The Gods tast not the like.

Eu. Ha, ha, ha, ye have both eat and drunk abominable poison,

Qu. Ha?

Land. How?

Eu. 'Tis true I tell you oracle,

There's not an hour's life between ye both,

The poyson's sure, I did prepare it for you;

And have my self taken an Antidote.

What say you to th'other bout now with *Landrey*?

I can procure another meeting for you,

Indeed I can; think you not whoredom sweet

Now you're a dying? is not your soul at ease?

The murder of your Husband's but a toy,

A fl a-biting, alack you feel it not.

Qu. Oh Villain, Villain, Villain.

Land. Inhumane slave, trecherous rascal.

Eu. Goods bobes, are you at Liberty?

§ Land. gets from

How got you loose? a knife too, hoyty toyty.

§ his Chair.

Land. Faintness for want of food, I fear will trap me,

Yo'r very nimble Rascal;

§ Land. falls following the Eu. at a short

Eu. Oh Lord sir, you know the cause, *§ turn, & being down, the Eu.*

I'm lighter by a stone or two then you, *§ gets upon him & disarms him.*

Yet I am weight enough to keep you down;

Stir and thou dy'st, now sir what say you to me?

How do you like your Princess? is she game some?

Did she apply her self like an apt whore

Unto your loose embraces?

Qu. Dog, let him rise.

Eu. Pardon me great Madam I beseech you.

Under your Graces favour be it spoken,

He is our cushion and I'll sit on him;

I do not altogether weigh a man.

As I live dead, prest to death without Stones;

Stark dead; a very strong-hearted Monsieur,

What say you to his Statue now in Ginger-bread?

It were a Monument too good for *Landrey*.

But sit thee there again: Once more to you,

Who, if your Poyson do not work too fast,

§ sets him in the

§ Chair again.

Shall

Shall see more sights like these before you dye,
 Your Organ-pipe's already out of tune,
 I'll leave ye a peeping-hole, thro' which you shall
 See sights shall kill thee faster then thy poyson. *Leaves the Cur-
tain half open.*
 I am prepared now for *Aphelia's* death,
 All things are ready, and behold the King ; *[Enter Clot. sadly.]*
 Now for my part.

Clot. I am too pityfull, a wat'ry flux
 Which soft and tender-hearted men call tears
 Stand on mine eyes, and does expresse a nature
 Too like my barer, it is now with me
 Full Tide in sorrow : my *Cynthia* governs strongly ;
 What do the wise,
Castrato, call this moisture, which presumes
 To mediate betwixt my wrath and me ?

Em. Expressions of a weak and silly nature,
 Passions of fools and women ; are you a man
 And hear so tame a soul, such a smock-spirit ?
 The Distaff owns more spleen, more noble anger.
 Pray let her live untill the Pages write,
 And hopping *Ballative's* voice Rhimes upon you ;
 This will sound bravely, will it not ?

Clot. Bring her in.

Aph. Use not such violence good Gentlemen.
 I'll walk a Lamb to slaughter, not repine.
 At any torments ye shall put me to ;
 Only be modest ; commend me to my Lord,
 I doubt I never shall behold him more ;
 For by the Calculation of your looks
 I have not long to live.

Clot. Confess and turn thy fate, give me to know
 With what foul Monster thou hast wrong'd thy soul,
 Seam-rent that holy weed, Virginity ;
 And ease me of a load that bears more weight
 Then what my youthfull sins have heap'd upon me.

Aph. If ever —

Clot. No more of that, it tends to madness.
 I'll force it from thee, bring forth the tortures there,
 I'll try if in these fiery instruments
 There lies a tongue which better can persuade
 Confession from thee, these red hot, apply'd
 Unto thy breasts, shall there extract
 All future hope to suckle lawless issue ;
 The poysonous springs which from these hills arise

Shall —

Shall have their fountain head damn'd up by these.

Aph. I've heard you swear that you were poor in words,
And knew not to express the happiness
Which you conceiv'd was habitable here :
How much my Lord is alter'd from himself !

Clot. 'Tis thou art alter'd : True, *Aphelia*,
That whilst thy purer thoughts did awe thy will
I lov'd like an Idolater ; I was possess'd
That these two twins, these globes of flesh, contain'd
All that was happy both in earth and heaven ;
In this I could descry the milky way,
The Maiden Zone that girds the waste of heaven ;
In this the seat of Paradise, and how
The wanton rivolets play'd about the Isle
Which puzzles Geography: All this I could
In thee my sometime chaste *Aphelia*
Find and rejoyce in, but thou art now
An undrest Wilderness, wherein I walk,
Losing my self 'mongst multitudes of beasts
And salvage actions : come dispatch.

Aph. Sir—

Clot. I'll hear no more.

Aph. Heaven will then,
And tho' it be an ear far distant hence,
Both hear and pity me : Oh my lov'd Lord,
Should but a dream work on my fancy
That you were thus to suffer as I am,
It would conspire to kill me with more speed
Then these your threatening Ministers, alas !
I'de force a gentler nature in the Steel,
And with my rainy eyes weep out the heat,
Which as it dyes should hiss it self to scorn,
For offering to contain but fire to hurt you ;
And will you then, a bold spectator stand,
Smiling at what I suffer ? Shed but one tear,
Or counterfeit a sorrow for my sake,
A little seeming woe, and I shall dye,
Sick of your kindness, not your cruelty.

Clot. Oh my soft temper, her sweet harmony
Will melt me into fool.

Fu. Oh this is brave,
A whining Cuckold.

Clot. Where, will you confess ?
Speak or I'll break thy heart.

Aph.

Aph. My gentle Lord.

Clot. Ungentle whore thou lyest, I am not gentle,
Thou canst not catch me more with oyley sounds,
Speak swiftly to my words, whose whore art thou?

Aph. My gracious Prince, I dare not call you husband,
Our actions do forbid, which write me slave
And not your equal : if to be your wife
Has plucked this misery upon my head,
Or caused in you this phrensie, put me off ;
Will indure it patiently ; but if e're —

Clot. The old tune this, come come the Irons there. *They fear one*

Aph. Oh, oh, oh, cruel my Lord, unmanly, *Of her breasts.*
Ple not blaspheme, no nor think ill of Heaven ;
Altho' my injuries would half persuade,
Gods are not, or are deaf to Innocents.

1 Mes. Arm, arm my Lord, the Castle's wall'd about *Drum. Enter*
With living Clay, three times ten thousand men. *a Messenger*

Approved Warriors, souls of Blood afire,
That only know to do, and not to suffer,
Make head against you ; believe me sir,
A braver troop, and spirits more resolved,
Life never put in action.

[Enter another Messenger.]

2 Mes. Fly, fly my Lord.

Clot. Villain it is no Language for a Prince.

2. Mes. Then stand upon your Guard, yet that's as bad, *[Drum]*
The Castle-walls are made of walking Steel,
And you but tempt your death in your escape
If you stay here provok'r.

The Monsieur like the god of war bestrides
A bounding Courser, who is therefore proud
To be so backed as knowing whom she bears.
So Centaur-like he's anchored to his seat
As if he had twin'd with the proud Beast he rides on,
And were incorporate with the Steed that bears him ;
He grows unto his Saddle all one piece
And that unto his Horse, who thus unmov'd
Sirs like a *Persens* on his *Pegassus*
Stable and fleet.

Clot. Is he joyn'd with them too ?
Then doomsday is at hand, I see my ruine,
Go to the Castle-walls, and Summon them
To render an account of their intents,

H

Away

Away I say be gone : Come hither Eunuch,
Look here's a Pistol, in whose womb lies death,
A heavy leaden sleep.

Em. Would you I should
Try the conclusion here? make her confess
By other instruments her horrid guilt?
In this there's too much mercy.

Clot. Hear me speak,
Ple trouble her no further, let her sin
Be punisht from above, I'll wait heavens leisure :
Here Eunuch take thou this, it was prepar'd
For the adulterate *Landrey*; here receive it,
And if thou lovest me, use it upon me;
Come shoot me thro', I know I shall be slain,
If not by thee, yet by the enemy;
And therefore to prevent the bitter scorn
Of the insulting foe, which is a death
So full of horror to the conquered;
No tyranny is like it, use this handfull,
The wholsomest weed that nature can produce
In the large store-house of her providence
Can shew no simple like it, for this cures
At once the sickness of the mind and body.
Thou shalt; I know thou wilt, I prethee take't,
It is not murder (tender-hearted fool)
That thou committest, rather a sacrifice,
For which heaven will reward thee.

Em. I ne're was liker to express my self
Then at this minute; do not betray me tears;
The Eunuchs nature must be harsh and cruel;
Tho' I do undertake this deed,
Bear witness heaven it is against my will. [takes the Pistol.]

Apb. O spare him Eunuch, spare, save my Lord.

Em. Peace foolish woman, 'tis thou killest thy Lord.
Were't not for thee he might live long and happy;
Pray let me kiss your hand, and take my leave
Of my best, best Master.

Clot. Do't and be sudden then— ha, what means this? he whips

Em. Marry Sir this it means,
That if this fail this shall perform the deed,
Think not but I will kill you, do not fear,
I am the excelent'st alive at these toys,

away
Clotairs
Sword.

Look

Look here my coufened fool I do not bungle.

Clot. Are these dead then?

Eu. As sure as you live, pray ask them else,
Unless this *Evas* flesh, too intense in heat,
Be lingring still behind: she's scarcely dead,
But in her dying ears I'll howl this noise:
Look Queen, here's the top-branch of all thy family,
Mark but how kindly for thy sake I'll use him.

Clot. Then I perceive I have been much abus'd,
So has my dearest Lady, oh, my heart.

Eu. Oh do you so? do you so?

Qu. Oh oh oh!

Eu. There broke a Strumpets heart.

Clot. How fain would I preserve my self from death
Since my *Aphelia's* chaste, to think her false,
Not that I fear'd the foe, made me despair
Of future comfort: Eunuch spare my life,
I will forgive thee, and reward thee too:
Remember who it is that sues to thee.

Eu. In that remembrance I have lost my self:
I cannot strike him, my relenting heart
Erns on his Princely person; take your Sword,
But on condition *Clot.*; thou shalt swear
By thy descent, thy Princely Parentage,
By the wrong'd souls of all those Innocents,
By thy Lust sacrificed, by *Aphelia's* self,
Or any thing thy soul shall hold more dear,
Upon receipt to guide the fatal point
Directly to my heart: My time is short, [A Drum beats within.
Quickly dispatch, resolve to do or dye,
And what shall grieve thee more then all the rest,
Aphelia shall bear thee company.

Clot. To save her life I'll undertake this deed.

Eu. I'll teach thee to be speedy in the fact:
Remember how thy noble Father dy'd,
Into thy bosom cast thine inward eyes,
And view what sorrows I have heaped on thee;
Behold thy Mother murdered by this hand,
Look on this Innocent, and let her wrongs
Prompt thy slow hand to this most timely slaughter;
I cannot brook delay.

Clot. Take thy reward.

A Heathen and a Traytor dye with thee.

Eu. A Christian Heathen *Clotaire* if thou wilt,
Made so by thee, read that and break thy heart. *[flings him a note,*

Clov. Force ope the dore, *[Enter the Army. He stands amazed,*
Seize on his Royal Person, now *Clotaire*

Thou art the Monsieur's pris'ner, Tyrant say

Where is *Aphelia* your Adulterers?

Bris. O my dear Sister.

Clov. O most horrid sight; my mother & *Landry* both murdered.

Dum. Here lies that Villain Eunuch; Hell-hound up:
Whose hands have slain thy Mistress?

Eu. None of mine.

They'r near ally'd to thee that did this deed,
Chrotilda and a woman.

Dum. Villain thou ly'st, my sister's gone a weary pilgrimage
And for this twice five years (with grief I speak it)
Been wandring none knows where.

Clot. What am I?

What strange and uncouth thing?

Eu. A Ravisher;

And better to instruct thee in thy self

Had not *Chrotilda* been incestuous. *[the King offers to kill himself.*

Dum. Hold hold your Royal hand, what wilt
You do?

Clot. What else but follow her? shall *Clotaire* live

A Captain to his Brother, flaved in sin,

Inthral'd in Wedlock, that's incestuous?

A Ravisher, and Murderer of his friend,

There's no way left to rid me but my Sword

Of all these ills at once. Oh my *Chrotilda*: *[falls upon the Eu. weeping.*

Dum. My Sister?

Clot. Ay *Dumain*: no Eunuch she,

No Sun-burnt vagabond of *Ariope*

Tho' entertain'd for such by *Fredegonde*;

I say here lyes thy ravisht sister, slain

By me the Ravisher.

Dum. Hold, hold my heart.

Eu. I forgive thee *Clotaire*; freely forgive thee:

And let *Aphelia* do the like to me:

I bare to her no malice; only this,

I would not have her to enjoy the man

That had so near relation unto me.

Clot.

Clot. This writes thee perfect woman.

En. Lend me thy hand *Clotaire*, have I thy hand,
I should have kill'd thee King, and had put on
A masculine spirit to perform the deed :

Alas how frail our resolutions are,

A Woman's weakness conquer'd my revenge,

I'd Power enough to quit my parents wrongs :

And they which should have seen me act my part,

Would not believe I should so soon prove Haggard :

But there is something dwells upon thy brow

That did persuade me to Humanity :

Thou injurest me, and yet I spar'd thy life,

Thou injurest me, yet I would dye by thee;

And like to my lost sex, I fall and Perish.

[*she dyes.*]

Clot. Speak for ever, speak *Chrotilda*.

Dan. Farewell great Heart,

My sister's in mine eyes, this brave revenge

Should have been mine, and not thine act, *Chrotilda*:

Away salt Rhume, *Chrotilda* laughs at thee,

Her spirit was more manly.

Aph. I must weep too,

Her injuries and mine are so near kin,

That they must bare each other Company

In tears of blood and death. Brother I faint,

And my griev'd heart too long with death oppress,

Would gladly seek a way to find out rest.

Clot. Art thou joyn'd with her too, against thy self ?

Will my *Aphelia* leave me ?

Aph. For ever King,

The hand of heaven lyes on me : for I feel

My inward and external injuries

Wrestle with life, in which Contention

My soul is worried by that tyrant death,

I must forsake thee *Clotaire*.

Clot. Stay a while,

It is unkindly done to leave me thus :

Oh she is gone, for ever, ever gone,

And I stand prating here between them both,

The fatal cause of death unto them both.

Wilt thou not break proud heart, I prethee break,

Prove not a Rebell to thy Prince like these !

It's well there is some Loyalty in thee yet,

Thou art commanded by me :

[*she dyes.*]

*She falls into a Chair
betwixt them both
Bris.*

Brif. Gracious Leige.

Clot. Charles I have injur'd thee, and thee *Dumaine*,
Can ye forgive me.

Dum. Good your grace

Call back your spirits, think what's to be done.

Clot. I consider well; and the great King

The quondam Monsieur, shall not deny me this:

Half of the Honours of the dead *Landrey*

We do confer on thee; the other half

Be thine *Dumaine*, Charles shall be Duke of *France*,

Thou of the Pallace Major: this is our will.

Dum. Great King you are not so near your death.

Lam. Forfende it heaven.

Monf. Look up my gracious Brother.

Clot. I begin to faint,

A Darknes like to death hangs on mine eyes:

Give me thy hand *Brissac*, and thine *Dumaine*.

Good Gentle souls, when ye shall mention me,

And Elder time shall rip these actions up,

Dissected and anotomized by you,

Touch sparingly this story, do not read

Too harsh a comment on this loathed deed,

Lest you inforce posterity to blast

My name and memory with endless curses:

Call me an honourable murtherer:

And finish there as I do.

Dum. O Noble Prince

Whose fame was very essence to his soul,

That gone, the other fled: chusing to dye

Rather then live a Prince in Infamy.

Monf. A heavy spectacle of grief and woe,

Have we beheld since our arrival here;

Take up the body of the King, and these,

Which for his sake on either hand lye slain,

They shall be buried in one monument:

And take up these: this was a Royal Queen

When virtue steer'd her thoughts, but we may see,

When we turn foes to good, to vice a friend,

We fall like these, and like these, thus we end.

[He dyes]

[A dead March &

Recorders.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

F I N I S.

Brif. Gracious Leige.

Clot. Charles I have injur'd thee, and thee *Dumaine*,
Can ye forgive me.

Dum. Good your grace
Call back your spirits, think what's to be done.

Clot. I consider well; and the great King
The quondam Monsieur, shall not deny me this:
Half of the Honours of the dead *Landrey*
We do confer on thee; the other half
Be thine *Dumaine*, Charles shall be Duke of *France*,
Thou of the Pallace Major: this is our will.

Dum. Great King you are not so near your death.

Lam. Forfende it heaven.

Monf. Look up my gracious Brother.

Clot. I begin to faint,

A Darkness like to death hangs on mine eyes:

Give me thy hand *Brissac*, and thine *Dumaine*.

Good Gentle souls, when ye shall mention me,

And Elder time shall rip these actions up,

Dissected and anotomized by you,

Touch sparingly this story, do not read

Too harsh a comment on this loathed deed,

Lest you inforce posterity to blast

My name and memory with endless curses:

Call me an honourable murtherer:

And finish there as I do.

[He dyes]

Dum. O Noble Prince

Whose fame was very essence to his soul,

That gone, the other fled: chusing to dye

Rather then live a Prince in infamy.

Monf. A heavy spectacle of grief and woe,

Have we beheld since our arrival here;

Take up the body of the King, and these,

Which for his sake on either hand lye slain,

They shall be buried in one monument:

And take up these: this was a Royal Queen

When virtue steer'd her thoughts, but we may see,

When we turn foes to good, to vice a friend,

We fall like these, and like these, thus we end.

[A dead March &

Recorders.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

F I N I S.